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ELEGY

ON

The Much-Lamented Death of *John Harding* Printer, who departed this Transitory Life, this present *Monday* being the 19*th* of this Instant *April* 1725.

WHEN Heav'n corrects, shall Man Complain,
Or in Sad Murmurs Sigh in vain,
Shall feeble Mortals low Estate,
E'er Question just unerring Fate,
Or Heaven's Decree, Injustice call,
Or mourn poor Jack's *untimely Fall;*
Shall Men such Impious Thoughts engage,
And not provoke Heav'ns sharpest Rage?
Yet sure the Muse in mournful Lays
May sighing murmur Harding's *Praise;*
Shall lesser Deaths her Pinnions try,
And Harding *unlamented Die,*
And shall one Pass, so Good and Great,
Unheeded like a Vulgar Fate,
Friendship it self the Muse *inspires,*
And with a double Ardour fires,
And what suh just Commands can break,
When M. B. *pleads for* Harding's *Sake,*
This Charms the Muse *as this she Flies,*
Again her shining Pinions rise
Again her Voice in lofty Strains,
Remurm'ring Eccho's through the Plains;
This Theme again inspires her Praise,
Again demands her mournful Lays:
Harding *again the Muse has shewn,*
Not good to all, excell'd by some.
Till Mounting up with Vig'rours Flight;
She Points a Shining stream of Ligiht,
Which brightly Glitt'ring from afar,
Again contracts, and shines a Star;
Another Light now Decks the Skyes,
And in a Star Brave Harding *Dies.*

Epitaph.

HERE Lies an Honest Man inter'd,
By Merit and by Chance prefer'd.
No Friend to *Woods*, as wise as brave,
Tho' now he's Level with the Grave,
The Drapier's Printer was he stil'd
While stout *Snarlerus* he beguil'd.